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The ALL NEW FLINTSTONES and PEBBLES

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The FLINTSTONES

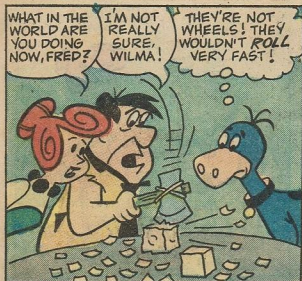
IT'S TOUGH TO BE A GENIUS!



THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 7, No. 45, May, 1976.

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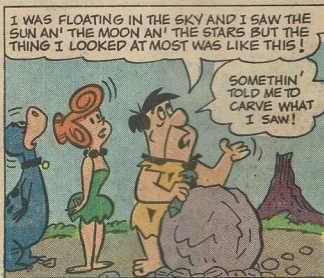
WELL, FRED? WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?



GEE, WILMA, I AIN'T SURE!



WHEN I GOT THE IDEA FOR MAKIN' THAT GIZMO THAT RUINED ALL THE GOOD FIREWOOD IT WUZ LIKE I HAD A DREAM AN' I INVENTED WHAT I SAW IN THE DREAM!



I WAS FLOATING IN THE SKY AND I SAW THE SUN AN' THE MOON AN' THE STARS BUT THE THING I LOOKED AT MOST WAS LIKE THIS!

SOMETHIN' TOLD ME TO CARVE WHAT I SAW!

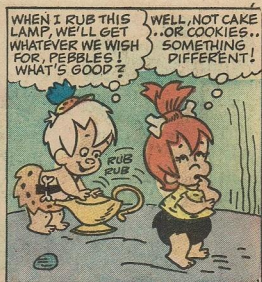


YA KNOW WHAT I THINK? THIS LOOKS LIKE WHERE WE LIVE!

FRED, THAT'S CRAZY! IF WE LIVED ON SOMETHING ROUND LIKE THAT WE'D FALL OFF!

IT'D BE A GOOD THING IF SOME PEOPLE WOULD FALL OFF!





The FLINTSTONES

The GREAT LOVER





I THINK I'M A GOOD ACTOR!
I'M HANDSOME, GOOD-LOOKIN'
AND ROMANTIC!



OH, FRED... YOU'RE AS ROMANTIC-
LOOKING AS AN OLD SHOE
WITHOUT LACES!

OH YEAH?
HOW COME YA
MARRIED ME?



I THOUGHT I COULD MAKE YOU CHANGE...
MAYBE GO ON A DIET, GROW A MOUSTACHE,
AND COMB YOUR HAIR!

Y-YUH'RE
ASHAMED
OF ME?



LET'S FACE IT, SHORTY!
NOBODY LIKES ME!

YOU'RE
WRONG,
FRED!



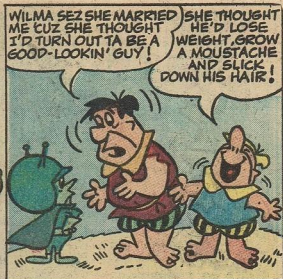
DINO LIKES YA, FRED.
BUT YA CAN'T BLAME
HIM! HE'S STUPID!

SO ARE
YOU,
RUBBLE!

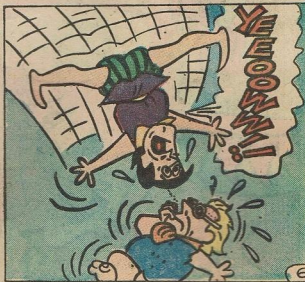


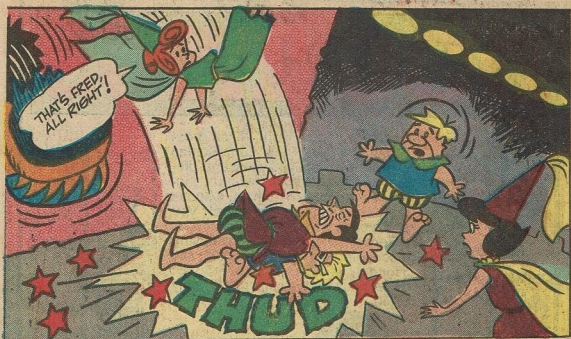
YAAAWWWNNNN!!
WHAT A LOVELY NAP WHILE
FLINTSTONE AND RUBBLE WERE
REHEARS... WHAT WAS THAT?!

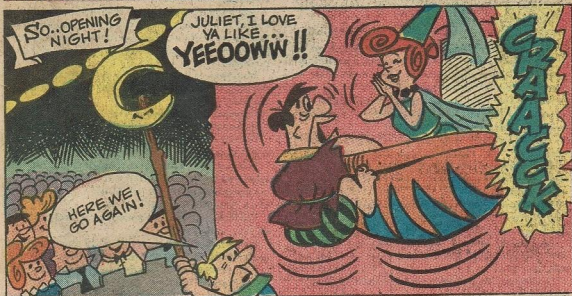












THE BEDROCK BULLET

Wilma and Betty were gossiping happily when they heard the squeal of speeding wheels at the corner, then the screech of brakes outside Fred Flintstone's house.

"That didn't sound like Fred's car, Wilma," Betty said worriedly.

Wilma sighed. "I know ... and Fred has had that glazed look in his eyes lately. He always looks like that just before he gets the itch to buy a new car."

Betty looked out the window. "If he had the itch, he scratched it, Wilma. Fred bought a new car!"

Wilma groaned. "Oh, no! The other car was perfectly all right."

"D-does it go fast, Fred?" Wilma asked worriedly.

"Like a bullet, Wilma! That's what I'm gonna call it ... the Bedrock Bullet." He flicked a speck of imaginary dust off the paint and struck an adventurous pose. "I may even enter the Bedrockopolis 500."

For the first time in her memory, Fred was late to dinner. She had to call him twice before he stopped polishing The Bedrock Bullet.

"Wotta beauty!" Fred exclaimed. "Yabba - dabba - doo!"

Wilma helped him to bronto roast, a mountain of mashed potatoes, and half a bushel (it seemed) of other goodies.

Wilma smiled at Fred. She didn't feel like smiling. She wanted to belt him with the frying pan. "How much did it cost, Fred?"

Fred smiled at her. "That's the best part, Wilma. I only gotta pay \$100 a month for a year ... plus sure old car."

"I suppose it's in good running condition, Fred," Wilma said.

"I noticed it had sort of a clickety-bam, clickety-bam sound when you drove up. That isn't serious, I guess."

Fred stopped chewing. Wilma could see the doubt in his eyes. Had he heard a clickety-bam sound, Fred wondered. As soon as he finished all the food on the

table he went back out to the Bedrock Bullet and listened to the engine. Beside him, Dino listened too.

In the morning, with Barney along for moral support, Fred started for Truthful Ted's 150% Guaranteed Used Car Lot. When they arrived, Truthful Ted was lying to another customer so they had to wait. Barney and Fred passed their time shining up the Bedrock Bullet some more. It really looked great. Fred would've been happy except for that blasted clickety-bam in the engine.

"What do you want, Flintstone?" Truthful Ted asked. Fred blinked. Only yesterday, Good Ol' Ted was calling him Freddy and Ol' Buddy and like that.

Fred pointed to the Bedrock Bullet. "That car goes clickety-bam when I start the engine."

"Of course it goes clickety-bam, and you're fortunate I didn't charge you extra for it! That's the sound all great racing cars have to have if they're any good!"

"Well, I don't like it! I got a guarantee so you fix it or I want my money back!"

Ted laughed and then he sneered besides. "What money? You didn't even make a down payment, but that doesn't matter. That guarantee doesn't mean a thing. The car is yours, and you'd better make the payments."

He turned to leave when the customer who'd been rejecting all of Truthful Ted's used cars burst through the door.

"I found the one I want, Ted," the customer said. "The bullet-shaped one outside! How much is it?"

Ted didn't hesitate a second. "\$100 down and \$150 a month for a year is all, Ol' Buddy!"

The guy said "Sold!" and quickly signed a bill - of - sale. Fred looked at Truthful Ted and smiled.

"You just sold my car, Ol' Buddy," Fred said. "Ya could go to jail for that!"

Ted looked at him and smiled sickly. "You wouldn't do that, would you?"

Fred smirked. "I'll take that \$150 down payment and my old car, pal, an' no hard feelings!"

Ten minutes later, the deal was made and Fred drove home \$150 richer.

"Ya know, Barn, if ya listen close, this car goes clickety-bam too!"

Barney nodded. "Of course, Fred. All cars sound like that."

Fred didn't say much on the way home. He was thinking about Wilma. She'd done it to him again.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1913)

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A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED (Net Press Run) **325,000**

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127,500

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature of Editor) George Wilma



THIS IS FANTASTIC!
UNBELIEVABLE! I
GOT A TALKIN' DINO!

WHAT'S SO HARD
ABOUT IT? YOU CAN
TALK, CAN'T YOU?



AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'VE BEEN
MEANING TO CORRECT YOUR MANNER
OF SPEECH FOR SOME TIME!

YOU SHOULD NEVER
SAY **AIN'T**!



SAY 'YOU', NOT 'YA'...AND STOP
YELLING AT EVERYONE ALL THE
TIME! DO YOU COMPREHEND?



CUT IT OUT, DINO! I'M ALMOST
SORRY I TAUGHT YA HOW
TO TALK AT ALL!

YOU COULDN'T
TEACH ME
ANYTHING, FATSO!



WHO YA
CALLIN' FA...
WAIT A
MINUTE!

THE
GREAT
GAZOO!



YOU'RE THROWIN' YOUR
VOICE, NEEDLE-NOSE!
YOU'RE A VEN...
VENKROLOTWIST...
I MEAN...

YES, FATSO, I AM
INDEED A
VENTRILOQUIST!
IT WAS MY VOICE YOU
HEARD, NOT DINO'S!



JUST TALKIN' AIN'T... ISN'T... ENOUGH, GAZOO! DINO GOTTA SHOW HE'S INTELLIGENT!

THAT'S EASY! ASK HIM TO ADD 2 AND 2... OR 7 AND 6!



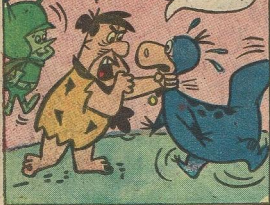
HEY, DINO... HOW MUCH IS 2 AND 2?

I WON'T TELL YOU, FATSO!



LISTEN, MEATHEAD, ONE MORE SMART ALECK ANSWER OUTA YOU...

I'LL COOPERATE IF YOU GIVE ME A NICE BIG JUICY BRONTO STEAK!



NOW, YA HAD YER STEAK, DINO! HOW MUCH IS 2 AND 2?

4... BUT DON'T YOU HAVE HARDER QUESTIONS THAN THAT?



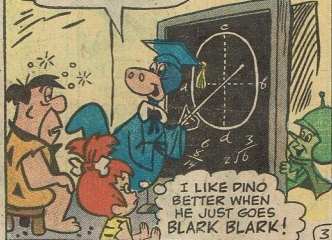
UH... DUH... SUBTRACT 17 FROM 41!

(SIMPLE! THE ANSWER IS 24!)

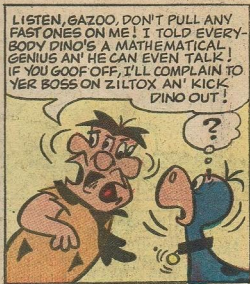
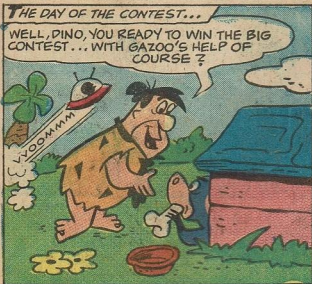
I WONDER IF THAT'S RIGHT?

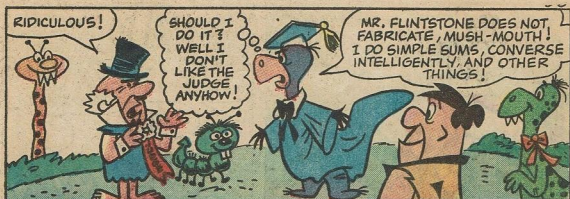


...AND THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF A CIRCLE IS...



I LIKE DINO BETTER WHEN HE JUST GOES BLARK BLARK!





The FLINTSTONES

Happy New Year??



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



